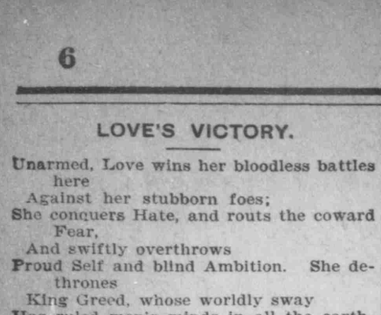
LOVE'S VICTORY.

Unarmed, Love wins her bloodless battles here
Against her stubborn foes;
She conquers Hate, and routs the coward Fear,
And swiftly overthrows
Proud Self and blind Ambition. She dethrones
King Greed, whose worldly sway
Has ruled men's minds in all the earthly zones
From the remotest day!
She toileth in the silences to gain
The victory o'er Wrong;
Grim Avarice resists her power in vain—
Her power, a heart-born song!
She worketh with her miracles to glean
Men's thought and to restore
That which they yearn to know of the Unseen,
To their soul's sight once more!
O Love, how mighty shall thy triumph be,
Which now hath but begun;
Look where thine adversaries turn and flee
Before Life's dawning sun!
As vapors vanish 'fore Aurora's beam,
When day disperses night,
So disappear before thy power supreme
The enemies of Right!

Unarmed, Love comes and scatters far and wide
The hosts of selfish sin;
Ah, with what grandeur doth her rising tide
O'er life's dark shoals flow in!
—Boston Transcript.



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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Bless my soul!" said Folsom. "I supposed that was what she was for. What did these women mean by telling me I must have a companion—a guide, etc.?"

"They meant, you blessed daddy, that they wished to provide you with—one of their number, and me—with something I do not want. If Mrs. Fletcher is to be housekeeper, I have nothing to say, but—don't you think your big daughter old enough and wise enough to select her own companions? Daddy dear," she continued, after a little pause, and nestling close to him with a pathetic look in the big brown eyes, her lips twitching a bit, "I know how loving and thoughtful you have been in all this, and I wouldn't have you think me ungrateful, but—did you believe I was always going to be a little girl? What do you suppose I studied housekeeping for at school? Mrs. Fletcher is engaged, I presume, and I can't ask you to undo that now, but I wish you had written to me first. However, if you don't mind, there's somebody I'd rather you would invite to take the fourth seat to-day, and then you can have Pappoose beside you, if you wish."

"Why, of course, sweetheart, anyone you like."

"Lieut. Loomis, then, daddy—the officer we met on the train. Jessie likes him, and he's such a friend of her brother—the only one we have yet seen who seems to know him at all. Then you could ask him to dinner, too."

Folsom's face was a study. Doubt and perplexity both were twitching in the little muscles about his lips.

"We met three officers, did we not, Elinor, and I had thought—somewhat of—asking the major and his guest. He said he wished to call. He was here while we were driving yesterday. I met him later."

"Yes, I saw his card," was the hurried, indifferent answer. "But they are not like Mr. Loomis. Daddy, I did not at all like that Capt. Newhall, or—for that matter—"

"They both seemed prodigiously struck with you," said Folsom, in misguided confidence, yet pardonable pride. "They've done nothing but talk to me about you ever since."

"They did nothing but talk to me all the way over the mountains, except when they were out taking what I have reason to believe was an occasional drink, daddy mine. Jess had Mr. Loomis to herself. They have found your weak spot, daddy. They know you love to talk of your daughter. You have only known Maj. Burleigh a little while. Is it not so?"

"Only within the year, perhaps, though of course I've heard of him a great deal."

"And this Capt. Newhall, whose regiment is in Louisiana while he's out here on leave—I thought officers went east when they got leave."

"Newhall says he's out looking over some mining schemes. He has money to invest, I believe."

"He should invest some money in a traveling suit, daddy, dear. That coat and his linen seemed woefully out of condition. Gentlemen are not careless about such matters."

"Oh, he explained that his trunks were delayed in Omaha or somewhere, and were coming along next train. I own I was prejudiced against him, too, but of course if he's a friend and guest of Burleigh's he—he must be all right. He's staying with him at the depot."

"And you've got to invite them to dinner?" asked Miss Folsom, after another pause, during which she had been thinking deeply.

"Not if you don't want it, pet. Of course they'll expect it. Army officers are hospitable, you know. Burleigh has asked me to dine with him a dozen times, though I've only been there once."

"Then you'll have to invite him, daddy," was the answer, with quick decision. "Only, just wait for a day or two. Capt. Newhall was going right out to the mines, he said, and there may be others we'd be glad to have. Jessie's brother ought to be here any hour."

"Yes," said Folsom, dubiously. "I've been thinking about him—I've been wishing—"

But he hesitated and faltered and could not meet the deep brown eyes, so full of searching inquiry and keen intelligence.

"You've been thinking—what, daddy?" she asked, and now her slender hands were on his shoulders and she was turning him so that she could study his face. "You have been hearing something you do not wish us to know, daddy, dear. I heard Maj. Burleigh say something to Mr. Loomis about—about Lieut. Dean, and I know Mr. Loomis did not like it, and Jessie and I can't believe it. Father, where is he? Why doesn't he come? Why do these—these people at the fort hem and haw and hesitate when they speak about him? Jessie is getting so troubled."

"I'm getting troubled, daughter," answered Folsom, impulsively. "I never met a likelier young fellow or one that promised to make a better officer. He may be all right, too, only it isn't so much what they do say as what they don't say that troubles me. Burleigh here and old Stevens out at the fort and one or two others I've asked about him. Burleigh says he 'lost his nerve' when they met Red Cloud's big band. A boy might be excused for that so long as he didn't misbehave. It was big responsibility for a young lieutenant. But these people, as you speak of them out at the fort, really know very little about Dean. Burleigh says he's in a position that enables him to know so much more about the character and habits of the young officers."

"Surely he can say nothing against Mr. Dean!" exclaimed Pappoose, looking up with quick indignation in her brown eyes. "No one knows how good and generous he has been to Jessie and his mother."

They were standing at the moment in the corner of the library farthest from the doorway. The front windows opened to the north, giving a fine view of the rolling hills rising higher and higher and looking down upon the grass-grown slopes spread out at their feet, criss-crossed and traversed by hard-beaten roads and trails. Immediately in front of the house Folsom had seeded and watered and coaxed into semblance of a lawn the best turf to be had in that section of Wyoming, and inclosed it in a spick and span white picket fence. The main road between the fort and the railway station passed directly in front of his gate. The side window of the cozy room looked out to the west over the valley of a rushing stream, once rich in trout, but now much infested by the mules from Burleigh's corral, which lay half a mile away to the southeast, out of sight of Folsom's house except from the upper windows. Eager to stock the library with standard works against his daughter's coming, the old trader had consulted a friend among the officers and had sent a lavish order to a house in Chicago. Books, therefore, were there in plenty on the handsome shelves, and they were not ill-chosen either, but it was Mrs. Fletcher who pointed out how stiff and angular everything looked, who introduced the easy lounge, the soft rugs, the heavy hanging portieres of costly Navajo blankets. It was her deft touch that draped the curtains at the windows and softened and beautified the lines the hand of man would have left crude and repellent. And that library had been her favorite haunt; but since the coming of the girls Mrs. Fletcher had seemed to retire to her own room aloft, and to spend no time below stairs that was not demanded by her household duties. Now as the father and daughter were talking earnestly together, they heard Mrs. Fletcher moving about overhead as though looking over the work of the housemaid. Jessie had gone to her own room to write a short letter to her mother. Maj. Burleigh was to come at 10:30 to drive them out to Pinnacle Butte, a sharp, rocky height far across the valley, from the summit of which a wonderful view was to be obtained. It lacked but five minutes of the time and suddenly Mrs. Fletcher's voice was heard on the floor above. It was a well-modulated voice, gentle and controlled, with a clear, vibrant ring in it that made the words distinctly audible to the hearers below.

"The major's carriage is coming up the street, Miss Dean. There are two officers."

"Two!" exclaimed Jess, starting to her feet, thinking only of her brother. "Oh! I wonder if—" And then they heard her go pit-a-pat through the hall to the front of the house, heard Mrs. Fletcher more deliberately follow, heard presently the beat of horses' hoofs on the hard roadway, and the whir of coming wheels. "I'll go out to meet them, Elinor—I'll—I'll talk to you more about this some other time. You don't care to go on this ride this morning one bit, do you, dear?" he added, uneasily.

"No, father; frankly, I don't—but he has been polite to you and attentive to us. There's no help for it."

And so Folsom went alone to the door to meet his visitors on the porch without, and did not hear, did not see Mrs. Fletcher, who came hastily down the stairs, her face singularly pale, a glitter of excitement in her eyes. On tiptoe she hastened along the broad hall, reaching the library door just as Folsom stepped out on the porch. On tiptoe she darted in, closed the door behind her, almost rushed to the north window, and there grasping the curtain she crouched, heedless of the possibility of observation, and for half a minute clung and crouched and stared. Then, as Folsom's genial, powerful voice was heard in welcoming accents, and heavy footsteps came along the broad board walk, the woman straightened suddenly and, noiseless as before, hurried back across the room and came face to face with the daughter of the house.

"Oh, Miss Folsom!" she faltered, her bosom heaving in violent agitation. "I did not know you were here. I—excuse me—" and hastened out of the room and up the winding stairs.

"Pappoose" never hesitated. Coolly, quickly, she stepped to the window. Maj. Burleigh had just reached the top step and was exchanging greeting with his host. The stylish team and glistening wagon were just spinning away.

"It'll be back in five minutes," she heard the quartermaster explain to her father. "Newhall has to meet some people coming in by stage from Green river. I thought I'd rather spend the time here."

And on the back seat, affably waving his hand in adieu, and jauntily lifting his rakish forage cap in salutation general to any of the young ladies who might be watching, sat the gentleman whose regiment was in Lousiana while he was up here on leave looking after mining investments.

CHAPTER X.

"Three mortal hours," said Miss Folsom to her fond little school friend and chum that afternoon, "have I had to sit or stroll with or listen to Maj. Burleigh. I never once was able to enjoy the view. What made him hurry us away from the northeast point, do you suppose?"

"Did you notice that, Nell? I did, too, and I was so interested in the view. Away up toward Laramie peak I could see something through the glasses that looked like a lot of little ants crawling along together. It was just after that—just after we looked through the glass, that he marched us round to the other side. The view toward Green river isn't half as pretty."

"And now he's telling some interminable story to father over their cigars. What shall we do if he hangs on? Father will have to ask him to drive with us to the fort, and there won't be room."

"Unless Mrs. Fletcher gives up her seat," said Jessie, demurely.

"Mrs. Fletcher isn't going. A very different person takes her seat to-day, Jess. Father left a note for Mr. Loomis at the hotel and he accepted. Now you see why I don't want Maj. Burleigh."

It was then long after three o'clock. At five they were to start, and Jessie

The voice came neither from bed nor lounge.

could hardly curb her impatience. The mail from Frayne, so said Folsom, would arrive that evening, and then surely there would be news of Marshall. They had slipped away to their rooms after the bountiful luncheon served on their return, in order, as Pappoose expressed it, that the gentlemen might have their cigars in peace. Mrs. Fletcher, after seeing that everything was prepared, had directed the servant to say to Mr. Folsom, on the return of the party, that she would prefer not to appear, and would be glad to keep her room, as she did not feel it at all necessary for the housekeeper to meet strangers, and Folsom felt a sense of relief. It was so much sweeter not to have any presiding genius other than Pappoose, not that he was forgetful of Mrs. Fletcher's merits and services—which were great—but it was plain to see that his daughter would have been happier had no such office existed as that created for this deserving and destitute widow. At three Miss Folsom had gone and tapped at the lady's door—her room was in the third story, overlooking the street—and was very civilly assured that Mrs. Fletcher stood in need of nothing, but, being wearied, she would like a little sleep. No, she did not even care for a cup of tea. Yet Elinor felt confident that the voice that replied to her inquiries came neither from the bed nor the lounge, but from the direction of the front window.

At three the cigars were smoked out and the host and his guests were in the library. It was Folsom's custom, when a possible thing, to take a brief nap after the midday meal, and Elinor felt sure he would be glad of the opportunity now, if Burleigh would only go, but Burleigh wouldn't. In monotonous monologue his voice came floating up to the second floor, drowsy, unbroken in its soporific flow, and the girls themselves, after the morning's drive in the clear, bracing air, felt as though forty winks would be a blessing. Could it be that Burleigh lingered on in hopes of their reappearance below? Might it not be that if relief came not speedily Papa Folsom would yield to the spell and fall asleep in his easy-chair? Was it not Miss Folsom's duty to descend and take the burden of entertainment off those older shoulders? These thoughts oppressed the girl, and, starting up, she cried:

"It's simply wicked of me staying here and letting poor papa be bored to death. Do come down, Jess, dear, unless you're too dreadfully sleepy. He acts just as though he intended never to go."

And Jess promised reluctantly to come down in ten minutes, if he didn't leave; but she hated him, and had hated him ever since he spoke so of Marshall in the car three days before.

The upper hall had been quite dark when Miss Folsom went up to inquire how Mrs. Fletcher was, just after luncheon. The door to her little room was tightly closed. The blinds in all the other rooms aloft were drawn against the glare of the sunshine in the cloudless atmosphere, yet now, as Pappoose stepped suddenly out upon the landing, she was surprised to see that the upper floor was much lighter than when she went up half an hour earlier. The maid had not gone thither from the kitchen, and Mrs. Fletcher wished to doze. Who, then, could have opened both blind and door and let in that flood of light? Impulsively the active girl flew up the winding stairs to the third story, and some one suddenly withdrew from the balcony rail, and an instant later, as Miss Folsom reached the top, all became dark again. Mrs. Fletcher's door had unquestionably been open, and was now shut to. She must have been out there listening, and gravely the young girl asked herself what it meant—Mrs. Fletcher's agitation in the library that morning as she peered out at the major's wagon; her absence from luncheon on account, as she pleaded, of not desiring to appear when company was present; and now, despite her desire to sleep, her vigil at the third-floor landing, where she was surely listening to the sounds from below.

Pondering over the facts, Elinor Folsom slowly retraced her steps and went downstairs. She reached the library none too soon. Old John's eyes were closed and he was slowly toppling, overcome with sleep. The sound of her cheery voice aroused him, and he started, guilty and crestfallen.

Burleigh's heavy face brightened visibly at her coming. He cared no more for music than does a cat, but eagerly followed her across the broad hall into the parlor when she suggested showing him the beautiful piano papa had given her; and old John, blessing her, lurched for the sofa, buried his hot head in a pillow, and was asleep in ten seconds. Maj. Burleigh was alone with the lovely daughter of the veteran trader. He was a man of the world, she an unsophisticated girl just out of school—so said Burleigh, albeit a most charming one; and he, who had monopolized her time the entire morning, bore down once more upon his prize.

[To Be Continued.]

The Spirit Mediums.

The Occasional Visitor—I have noted that these clever spirit mediums who can make chairs and miscellaneous furniture dance a hornpipe always call in a very material drayman when they want to move the piano.

The Artist—You recollect the Frenchman who asked an Irish medium to produce the spirit of Voltaire? Voltaire came forth, much to his admirer's delight. It was Voltaire complete in every detail. The Frenchman began an animated conversation in their native tongue. The shade did not respond. At last the Frenchman grew exasperated and turned to the medium.

"Not can ze great Voltaire converse?"

"Of course he can, yez heathen, if ye will stop that forrin lingo and talk good English. Do yez take him for a frog-eater?"—"As Talked in the Sanctum."

His Music.

The secret of success is to believe in the thing that one is doing. Because he innocently expected nothing but compliments, an Italian organ-grinder easily got out of a difficulty. He had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to "clear off." The organ-grinder, however, continued to grind away, till finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance. At the police court the magistrate asked why he did not leave when requested to do so. "Me no understan' much Ingleese," was the reply. "Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understood what he meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms." "No, me not know," replied the Italian. "Me tink he come to dance to my music." The organ-grinder was discharged.—N. Y. World.

Proof Positive.

Female Customer—You say these spoons are solid silver, young man?

Clerk—Yes, ma'am; every one of them.

Female Customer—Who are they made by?

Clerk—Sterling, ma'am. His name is on every spoon.—Judge.

Not Necessary.

Deacon Short—Robbins gave me a lead quarter when I asked him to change a dollar for me.

Friend—Did you get after him about it?

"Oh, no; I didn't have any trouble in passing it."—Harlem Life.

Uncle Allen.

"The trouble about onions," philosophized Uncle Allen Sparks, "is that when you eat them you have to take so many people into your confidence about it."—Chicago Tribune.

His Virtue.

"Well, no one can ever say that I talk about my neighbors."

"No. You talk about yourself so much that you don't have time."—Chicago Times-Herald.